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VIEWS AND INTERVIEWS

Brief Local Paragraphs of More or Less Interest.

PICKED UP BY ENQUIRER REPORTERS

Stories Concerning Folks and Things Some of Which You Know and Some You Don't Know—Condensed For Quick Reading.

Several circuses will pay the county seat a visit this fall if the plans of W. Frank Putnam, chief clerk in the Yorkville postoffice, turn out. Putnam knows more about the circus and show business than any man around, perhaps, and he has a number of personal friends who are leading showmen. "John Robinson's circus, may play here this fall," he said the other day, "and the Walter L. Main people contemplate coming here this fall. Sparks also contemplates booking Yorkville and I have a letter from Ringling Brothers who have the greatest circus in the world in which they say that they will send their advance men here and will give this town every consideration."

Old Time Baseball.

Manager Harry Neil of the American Legion baseball team, who in his younger days was one of the best catchers that this section ever knew, grew reminiscent the other day up in the club and told of baseball in his time.

"I remember," said he, "some twenty years ago that baseball interest in Lancaster was keen and a game was scheduled one afternoon between Lancaster and Kershaw. I think it was. The manager of the Lancaster team got in touch with me and asked me to come over and to bring a pitcher with me—expense no object. Down at Augusta, that time was a pitcher who was one of the best in the south and I knew it. I knew that for enough money I could get him and I did. We went to Lancaster. That pitcher struck out twenty-four men and he and I together were responsible for eight runs. Yes, Lancaster won the game. Maybe some of the old timers over there remember that game."

That All Day Singing.

"Yes there is already considerable interest manifest in that all day singing that Mase Stowe, Meek Dickson, myself and others expect to hold in the courthouse," said Wednesday Mr. M. L. Carroll, of Yorkville. "One trouble we are up against right now is in obtaining a sufficient number of American Tune Books. We expect to use that book and copies seem to be more or less scarce. We are hopeful that all who attend will not forget to bring books if they have them. We expect to invite the Pisgah singing school in Gaston county, N. C., to come down for the day. A singing school is conducted in the Pisgah neighborhood every summer and they have some fine singers there. We can't send a special invitation to every singer," Mr. Carroll concluded; "but we hope that everybody who is interested in singing will consider himself or herself invited."

Miss Melinda Melville, 39, Says:

The average man knows exactly how to rule a woman—if she will only let him do it.

Thank heaven for henna! Gray hairs may be respected, but, somehow, that isn't precisely the emotion that a girl longs most to inspire in a man.

A man swallows flattery as easily and naturally as a baby swallows a button and with just as little regard for the probable consequences.

The worst things that can happen to a woman: At ten, to be without a playmate; at twenty, to be without a lover; at thirty, to be without a husband; at forty, to be without henna; and at fifty, to be without philosophy.

Those men who are affecting the new convict haircut must think that nothing can alter a woman's love!

If a man adores women, he is scoffed at as a silly sentimentalist; if he dislikes them he is scorned as a brutal misogynist—so what can the poor thing do?

In order to make a novel luridly interesting, it used to be necessary to paint the heroine's "past" in vivid colors; but, nowadays, you can paint almost any girl's present in its natural hues, and get the same effect.

The only feeling that the unsolicited devotion of a woman arouses in a man is "that tired feeling."

Burning Boll Weevils.

"How it ever came about nobody seems to know, but it is nevertheless a fact that many negroes—in fact it is almost universal on the farms—are superstitious about burning boll weevils," said this morning a York county man who has just returned from a visit to the boll weevil section of South Carolina. "Somehow they got it firmly fixed in their minds that if they do they are liable to be struck by lightning. It may be that somewhere some one who was struck by lightning while burning boll weevils, or soon thereafter; so it may be, like so many other things, a 'post hoc propter hoc' theory. Anyway it is here, according to the testimony of many farmers in Newberry and adjacent counties. Two farmers near the border line of Lau-

rens and Newberry gave similar experience the other day. They called their hands up and told them to gather up the fallen cotton bolls in the fields and burn them. They noticed a decided and provoking hesitancy on the part of the hands and asked what was the matter with them; to which they replied that they did not mind picking up the bolls and piling them, but they were afraid to burn them; for, if they should, they would be struck by lightning. Seeing that the negroes were sincerely afraid, they said to them, "You pick them up and put them in a pile and we'll burn them;" and that settled the matter—the hands gathered up the bolls and put them in piles and the proprietors burned them.

Bear Cubs.

Replying to the letter of a friend in Yorkville, who had written to him asking about the possibility of obtaining a bear cub down state, Hon. James Henry Rice, Jr., of Wiggins, S. C., writes most interestingly about bears as follows:

"Bear cubs turn up now and then; there was one here some time ago; but it was shipped off to Florida. There would be more, but for the foolish and inexcusable habit of shooting them on sight. They do almost no harm, and are the finest ant-destroyers in the world. One bear is worth a fortune to a community for this alone."

"A she bear and two cubs passed close to this place two years ago."

"I have some friends in the woods, near Hell Hole swamp, who may be able to find you one. I shall query them. But bears have become scarce. There are some around here, both in Salkehatchie swamp and in Edisto swamp; and there may be a stray one on this Neck now and then (as there were three two years ago)."

"The only way to get a bear cub is to keep a look-out until one shows up. Within the past five years I could have got you a dozen, and the opportunity may arise again."

"There was an old bear den on my place, in an immense Willow oak (what you call Water oak); but one of my boys cut it down—a tree about 400 years old. I would not have had it cut down for \$1,000—poor as I am."

"There is plenty of cover in this country where bears might hide and live out their lives. The T-T country being an ideal location, for this is proof against the bushman; even; it will not bear his weight in many places and it will not bear a horse's weight anywhere; so the bushman keeps out and animal life flourishes."

"This region is five or six miles wide and about fifteen in length, with rivers bounding it. There are all sorts of islands in it, some of them fine hiding places and living places for Black bear."

"There are some wild hogs down here that are more formidable than any bear in North America; and a man needs a tree and needs it quickly when he meets one, unless he be well armed."

"Some of the bears weigh 250 to 300 pounds and are of huge size, with tusks that will make your hair stand up. They are all muscle."

"Probably they are descended from domestic hogs. Certainly they are, so descended; but how far back I can not say."

"A splendid specimen was killed near here three years ago by a trapper that I had on my lands. This trapper had a close call from the bear and took a tree, after giving the hog two loads of shot without running him. Next day he went to the same place with a pocket full of buckshot shells. The bear was there and he emptied his gun, badly wounding the animal and putting him to flight. Several days afterward, he saw buzzards circling and crossing a wild marsh, he came on an island and found the bear dead in his bed, which showed signs of long occupancy. He saved the tusks, but the body was too far gone for removal. They also have been thinned and I shall not be sorry when the last one goes."

PREVENTION VERSUS CURE

Emphasis Laid on New Way of Training Doctors.

Emphasis in the training of doctors is shifting from cure, to disease prevention says George E. Vincent, president of the Rockefeller Foundation, in his review of the activities of the organization, abstracts of which were made public recently.

"It is often said that if all available knowledge about causes of diseases were actually applied the world over, millions of lives could be saved every year," he said. "This statement is true, but it may easily mislead. One is likely to infer that enough public health officers and sanitary engineers could usher in a hygienic millennium. But the thing is by no means so simple. It must be remembered that about 80 per cent. of the menace of life is not dealt with by public authorities. The idea of prevention, then, will have limited influence until it is accomplished, not merely as a government policy but as a guiding principle in individual lives."

"Education of whole communities and nations, changes of habits of thought, a new attitude toward disease and toward medical service are essential conditions of progress, so far from discarding the doctor, this new regime will give him a change but no less indispensable task. He will increasingly be called upon to keep his patients well."

THE WEST ROAD

Construction Work Is Well Under Way in Smyrna Neighborhood.

NEGRO FOREMAN IS HARD BOILED

Dirt is Moving and Contractors are Losing no Time on the Job—Present Contract Will be Completed by September and Possibly Sooner—Big Fill Now Being Filled.

(By a Staff Correspondent.)

Smyrna, July 28.—People of the extreme section of Western York county this week for the first time realized practical results from the agitation which they have been keeping up for years having as its object the construction of a decent road through their section of the county to the county seat. Contractor H. S. Huffstetler and his road forces began work on the West road bright and early Monday morning and since then the red dirt has been flying without let up. The contractors say that there will be no let up until September, when the portion of the road which has been contracted for will be completed.

Cherokee to Begin Work?

Contractor Huffstetler started at a point near the home of Mr. Pink Caldwell, about a mile east of the village of Smyrna, while a sub-contractor of Spartanburg, is working from there to the Cherokee county line. Information received by the correspondent who visited the scene of operations Wednesday was that the Cherokee county authorities would begin road work on their end within the next few days and would push the project toward Gaffney as rapidly as possible.

At present Contractor Huffstetler has thirty-five hands and thirty-eight mules on the road project from the Caldwell home toward Hickory Grove. A commissary in charge of Meek Wood of the Filbert section, who has been in the employ of the Huffstetler organization for the past seven months, has been established near the home of Robert Starnes, a short distance from the present scene of operations. Here a little tented village has sprung up, the tents being used as quarters for the hands and quarters are also there for the mules. John Lawrence of the Clover section is "walking boss" and general superintendent of the road work and John Woods, colored, has supervision of road work under Mr. Lawrence.

A regular hard boiled top kick is this John Woods, an intelligent negro, who has been engaged in road construction work practically all of his life.

A great, big husky negro hand known as "Big Boy" appeared to John Woods to be looting on the job Wednesday afternoon and furthermore, he appeared to be doing too much talking to suit the colored foreman.

And forthwith the negro proceeded to bawl him out.

Bawling Out Big Boy.

"Look here," he said to Big Boy "you big old blankety blank you, we are come here to work and not to chew dog rag. Dat appears to be about all you are doing. Every time ah turns mah back you is interfin' wid de men and loatin' on de job lak yu wuz at er nigger picnic or something. Nigghah yu is heah to wuk an' fo' nuthin' else an' yu is gwine to wo'k or git off'n dis job."

Big Boy attempted to reply but the sharp command, "shut up!" came and he closed up his face.

It was learned that Woods has complete management of the labor personnel. He knows how to handle them. He allows them to sing on the job but talking is barred. "Ah will do all de talkin dat it necessary mahself," he tells them.

And what the top kick says goes with the hands. He has a sort of bullet head and a wicked looking gleam in his eye and fight is written on his face and he wears one of those slouchy Stetson hats.

This week the contractor is engaged in building a big fill over Bolin branch, excavation dirt being used to close up the big divide. From morning until night a string of dump carts, each drawn by two mules, is kept busy hauling dirt onto the fill. The mules walk down the steep hill of loose dirt with never the slightest fear of somersaulting, so well trained are they and people from the surrounding country get much pleasure in watching the performance which is really worth watching, so well trained are the mules and so expert the drivers.

Crossings Eliminated.

Under the new survey for the West road all of the several dangerous railway crossings between Smyrna and Hickory Grove will be eliminated, to the great relief of the general public. Several serious accidents have occurred at these crossings in recent years and only last Monday Contractor Huffstetler himself narrowly escaped death when his automobile was struck by a train and demolished. That the road commissioners will have performed a great service to the general public if they do nothing more than manage to eliminate the deadly crossings is the general sentiment of the people.

While there is considerable grading to be done on the West road, it is not unusually heavy grading, according to the contractors who are not anticipating any difficulty. The red dirt is a little stiff but a heavy road plov-

pulled by six big mules, lifts the dirt and tears up the road bed just as easily as a man plows in his garden with a push plow just after a rain.

One of the greatest problems the contractors have is watching after their stock and in preventing them from becoming too hot. The dancing rays of a July sun beat fiercely in the Smyrna section and the quick, observing eye of John Woods is used for watching the animals which may be too hot, as well as in watching negroes like Big Boy who might have a tendency to loaf on the job.

Smyrna People Pleased.

But the Smyrna people and the people of Western York feel confident now that before many months they are going to have the kind of a road that they should have had years before and in the opinion of Mr. Joe Cobb, well known citizen of the section in which the road work is now going on, all that he will have to do when he wants to come to Yorkville, is to put his horse within the shafts without harness and say, "Giddyap," whereupon horse and buggy and Mr. Cobb and Mrs. Cobb, if she wants to go, will roll into the county seat like a man on roller skates.

ONE HUNDRED FOR JOHN D.

Doctor Says World's Richest Man May Live Century.

The prediction that John D. Rockefeller, who recently celebrated his eighty-second birthday, will live to be 100 years old was confidently made today by Dr. H. F. Biggar, his physician and lifelong friend, relates a Cleveland, O. dispatch.

"The doctor, who is also 82, looks forward to a golf match with the old financier when both have rounded out the century mark."

To Dr. Biggar is given the credit for prolonging the life of the world's richest man.

"Mr. Rockefeller has always said he will live to a very old age. He is in better health now than many a man of 50," said Dr. Biggar. "And one who follows his sensible way of living can live to be a centenarian."

Stories that the stomach of the aged master of the world's greatest fortune is too weak for anything except liquid nourishment were branded as false by Dr. Biggar.

"Mr. Rockefeller once had indigestion but he does not suffer from it now," said the physician. "He can eat anything, but observes one of the prime laws of health and eats moderately. For breakfast he usually has cereal, eggs and milk. Often I have heard him remark as he rose from the dinner table: 'I could have eaten more.' His good sense tells him that moderation in diet is a prerequisite of endurance. His day runs by schedule. He has a certain time for golf, a certain time for writing, and so forth."

"At dinner he always surrounds himself with a few congenial friends. After dinner he likes to play with his guests a game called 'Numerica.' It is a mathematical type of game. Mr. Rockefeller believes it aids digestion."

"He retires early and rises early. He likes to hear music at rising and on retiring. Usually someone plays old tunes or negro melodies on a violin."

It has been said of the veteran physician that if he should die, Wall Street would go into a panic. He has guided the health of many of her great financiers besides the richest man in the world.

Let the women bare their ears and listen with smiles of triumph. I asked Dr. Biggar to comment on the short skirts and other "shocking" feminine fashions of the day. The eminent physician said:

"I think the manner in which the ladies dress nowadays is constitutionally sound, if only they wouldn't wear corsets."

The doctor added with a sad shake of his head: "Let them observe deep breathing and discard corsets and they'll be perfect."

ENGINEER DIES AT POST

And Falls From Train He Was Driving.

Glancing up from the fiery mouth of his engine on Seaboard Air Line train No. 16, about three miles east of Suffolk, Va., to address a remark to his engineer, the fireman, Henry Mason, discovered that the locomotive was running without a pilot. A hasty search convinced him that the engineer, R. H. Buckner of Portsmouth, was not on the locomotive or tender and that the train carrying passengers from Birmingham to Atlanta, was literally running away.

Hastily halting the train, the fireman and the rest of the crew went back along the track about a quarter of a mile, where they found the body of Buckner. His body was slightly mutilated and was lying alongside the track where it is supposed he pitched, following a fatal attack of heart trouble.

The train was operated to Portsmouth, Va., by the fireman.

Postmaster J. W. Stalnaker, of Ninety Six, has been arrested and committed to Abbeville county jail, on the charge of misplacing funds belonging to the post office. It is said that investigation disclosed that Stalnaker kept funds paid him for C. O. D. packages, and that he admits having done so, claiming that he used the money to pay debts, expecting to return it later.

CORP. GRAHAM BURIED

Soldier Lost His Life While Fighting for Country in France.

HE FORMERLY LIVED IN YORKVILLE

Members of Old Fort Mill Company of which he was Member Were Honored at Funeral—Services Held from First Baptist Church by American Legion.

With members of the Fort Mill Company of the National Guard with whom he served in the States and in France, the captain of old Company G, 118th Infantry, 30th Division, the officer was with him when he received his death wound and others in attendance, the body of Corporal Erwin Clark Graham, Co. G, 118th Infantry, 30th Division who was killed October 6, 1918 was interred in American Legion lot in Rose Hill cemetery, Yorkville, Tuesday afternoon following funeral services at the First Baptist church.

Rev. Dr. J. L. Oates, former clerk of the Exemption Board for the Western District of York county read the Scripture Lesson and conducted the church burial service after which the funeral was turned over to the American Legion, Jas. D. Grist, post commander, presiding.

Tribute From Soldier.

The funeral oration was delivered by Lieut. Col. Thos. B. Spratt, formerly second in command of the regiment of which the deceased was a member. The orator paid a simple but impressive tribute to the memory of the fallen soldier, speaking of his worth, both as a soldier and as a man. There were in the forces of the United States overseas and at home during the World war, he said, many men of brave and heroic mold who did not distinguish themselves by individual heroic deeds simply because they never had the opportunity. They were not only men of bravery but men of intelligence. It was because of his intelligence as well as his bravery that Corporal Graham was selected for the reconnoitering service in which he lost his life.

After the address of Col. Spratt and while the choir sang a final hymn, the funeral procession filed out of the church, first the firing squad, then the casket draped with a large United States flag in accordance with military regulations, then the pall bearers who were six members of Meech Stewart Post of the American Legion. Then followed the family and after then came members of Meech Stewart Post and visiting American Legion men who were followed by the general public.

Arriving at the American Legion plot where a grave had been dug just beside the grave of Private Meech Stewart, first soldier to be buried there, a brief committal service was conducted by Rev. Dr. Oates. The grave was covered with flowers and the benediction was said. Sgt. James O. Hammond in charge of the firing squad from the Fort Mill military company gave the command and three volleys of musketry, the military salute for a dead soldier was fired. Bugler Thos. A. Hucks blew "Taps," and the service was at an end.

Killed by a Shell.

Corporal Erwin Clark Graham who was known to his comrades as "Red" Graham because of his reddish hair and florid complexion, was killed in France October 6, 1918 while in a truck with a party of officers and non-commissioned officers who had been instructed to select a position for the Fort Mill and other companies of the 118th Infantry, who had been ordered closer to the front. The order was for sergeants to compose the detail; but because of the fact that sergeants were scarce through heavy casualties among them, Graham who ranked as a corporal, was instructed by his company commander, Capt. Sam. W. Parks to substitute for a sergeant.

A German shell came over on the American side of the road and landing just a very short distance away from the automobile truck, burst and killed or wounded practically every one of its occupants. Among those comprising the detail was Capt. Murray Mack of Fort Mill who had been gassed the day before and who was huddled in the bottom because he was sick. A non-commissioned officer was holding the captain's head between his legs and the shell got this non-commissioned officer and also Corporal Graham who was sitting next to him, both of them being killed instantly their blood trickling down on Capt. Mack who escaped injury.

Well Known Here.

Graham had spent most of his life in Yorkville and vicinity where he had been employed as a textile worker. He enlisted with the Fort Mill company for Mexican Border duty before the outbreak of the World War and his officers say that he had a fine record as a soldier.

His body was buried in one of the British Military cemeteries in France after he fell, until disinterred for return to America. It arrived at Hoboken, N. J., last Sunday from whence it was sent to Camp Jackson on Monday and was brought from there to Yorkville Monday night under escort of a private soldier from the camp.

Among the former comrades and members of Corporal Graham's organization who attended his funeral Tues-

day were the following Fort Mill men: Lieut. Col. T. B. Spratt, Capt. Sam. W. Parks, Capt. Murray Mack, Lieut. Arthur C. Lytle, Sgt. James O. Hammond, Sgt. Yancey O. Potts, Cpl. Charlie Armstrong, Cpl. James L. Pettis, Privates Luther C. Harris, Joseph Nivens, Thomas A. Ferguson, Roy O. Bass, Arthur R. Honeycutt, Bugler Thos. A. Hucks.

Members of Meech Stewart Post, American Legion acting as pall bearers were: T. M. Ferguson, J. Albert Riddle, J. Wallace Marshall, Ben Faris, S. E. Grist, Thos. W. Quinn.

TALKING IT OVER

Four in a row!

A great catcher—that Morris Frew.

The Rock Hill Sunday School league is going good.

That's two for you, Toots, against the All Stars.

The gate receipts Tuesday afternoon totaled \$117.

Andy Jackson looked good in that right field.

That Vic Martin's a bear. We'll say he is.

The Sumter baseball team has been re-organized and is after games.

Cowpens comes to Yorkville Monday morning for two games.

"Banker Bill" Moore caught a nice one behind third yesterday.

"Big Harry" lost count of the cigarettes after the third, it was said.

Looks like there will be three games a week until the end of the season.

Now let's all go to Clover tomorrow afternoon to see the "Town Rounders" round up that fast Belmont bunch.

Well, All Stars you're a good club and it was no cinch in taking you in tow.

Cassell, Rock Hill short, is one of the best players who has been on the local lot.

Tom Huey chewed cigars and chawed 'em and pulled and pulled but Rock Hill just couldn't do it.

Gate receipts yesterday were nearly \$400 it was said. The All Stars got 40 per cent. of it.

"Ooze 'em Over Howd" McMackin had 'em eating out of his hand Tuesday afternoon, didn't he?

The ice cold dopes offered for sale Tuesday afternoon were indeed refreshing.

The Rock Hill "All Stars" have gone to shelling the woods for ball players too.

The Clover "Town Rounders" took another from King's Mountain, in the Tarheel town Monday afternoon, 9 to 0.

Jimmie Helton is slated to pitch for the Larupers in Rock Hill next Thursday afternoon against the All Stars.

The strong Caroleen, N. C. team wanted to come to Yorkville for \$100 and expenses. Manager Neil said no he didn't want to buy 'em—just sort of rent 'em for one afternoon.

Manager Neil has a line out for Paul McLeod, Furman University hurler, who will probably be seen in an American Legion uniform.

Clover and Sharon and Filbert and the fans and fannets from the country around were on hand Tuesday and yesterday as usual.

The court of final decision at American Legion ball games is composed of the fellows who stand on the safe side of the wire behind the home plate.

The "Rube" got a finger hurt in Tuesday's game and so did Baker, Aragon catcher. Baker quit but the "Rube" stuck it out.

Grapevine wireless from Chester, states that there were no less than three fights during the Sunday School League game between the Baptists and the Presbyterians in Chester town Wednesday.

Meech Smith of Clover, explained his presence in Yorkville, Tuesday afternoon on the plea that he had come to talk business with Quinn Wallace. If they talked it at all the talking was done between wallpops at the ball game.

Rock Hill druggists had many calls for liniment last Wednesday from Aragon mill baseball players who explained that they had strained themselves trying to hit "Howd's" ooze balls.

Manager Neil and Mr. T. M. Ferguson of the Baseball Advisory Committee went to Gastonia, where they saw Camden and Caroleen and Rano and Lory and Camden beat Caroleen 3 to 2 and Rano won from Lory 7 to 1. According to Ferguson, neither of the teams has a thing on the Larupers.

The Clover "Tigers" according to Dan Barrett, of that town have discovered a new pitching promise in a youngster named Killian. According to Mr. Barrett, with a little more seasoning he is going to be good. He beat the Aragon bunch in Rock Hill Saturday.

The Hickory Grove Hitters got the scalp of the Sharon Sluggers in a tenning game at Sharon, Monday afternoon, 5 to 3. It was 3-2 until the tenth, when the Hickory Grove lads scored a couple. Jet Smith of Hickory Grove had a shade the better of it over Ralph Cain of Sharon, in a pitcher's duel.

—Dr. J. F. Williams, a prominent physician of Roebuck, Spartanburg county, has been arrested on a charge of having violated the Mann act, the warrant in the case having been sworn out by the husband of a woman that Dr. Williams is charged with having taken to North Carolina for immoral purposes.

MISSION OF A NEWSPAPER

Famous British Editor Understands Matter Thoroughly.

REMARKABLE RECORD OF FIFTY YEARS

Paper Must Live By the Support of the Clientile It Serves; But Must Continue Ever Mindful of its Duty and Responsibility to that Clientile. American Review of Reviews.

During the present year that great organ of British Liberal opinion, the Manchester Guardian, is celebrating its first centenary. At the same time its editor, Mr. C. P. Scott, is completing fifty years of continuous service. Writing under his own signature for the anniversary number of his newspaper, Mr. Scott finely expresses the ideals that should govern every conscientious editor:

"In all living things there must be a certain unity, a principle of vitality and growth. It is so with a newspaper, and the more complete and clear this unity the more vigorous and fruitful the growth. I ask myself what the paper stood for when first I knew it, what it has stood for since and stands for now. A newspaper has two sides to it. It is a business, like any other, and has to pay in the material sense in order to live. But it is much more than a business; it is an institution; it reflects and it influences the life of a whole community; it may affect even wider destinies; it is, in its way, an instrument of government. It plays on the minds and consciences of men. It may educate, stimulate, assist, or it may do the opposite. It has, therefore, a moral as well as a material existence, and its character and influence are in the main determined by the balance of these two forces. It may make profit or power its first object, or it may conceive itself as fulfilling a higher and more exacting function."

"I think I may honestly say, that from the day of its foundation, there has not been much doubt as to which way the balance tipped so far as regards the conduct of the paper whose fine tradition I inherited, and which I have had the honor to serve through all my working life. Had it not been so, personally I could not have served it. Character is a subtle affair, and has many shades, and sides to it. It is not a thing to be much talked about, but rather to be felt. It is the slow deposit of past actions and ideals. It is for each man his most precious possession, and so it is for that latest growth of time the newspaper. Fundamentally it implies honesty, cleanliness, courage, fairness, a sense of duty to the reader and the community. A newspaper is of necessity something of a monopoly, and its first duty is to shun the temptations of monopoly. Its primary office is the gathering of news. At the peril of its soul it must see that the supply is not tainted. Neither in what it gives, nor in what it does not give, nor in the mode of presentation must the unclouded face of truth suffer wrong. Comment is free, but facts are sacred. 'Propaganda,' so called, by this means, is hateful. The voice of opponents no less than that of friends has a right to be heard. Comment also is justly subject to a self-imposed restraint. It is well to be frank; it is even better to be fair. This is an ideal. Achievement in such matters is hardly given to man. Perhaps none of us can attain to it in the desirable measure. We can but try, ask pardon for shortcomings, and there leave the matter."

How the quality of Mr. Scott's editorship has impressed his generation in England, and especially his brother journalists, is clearly set forth in the Review of Reviews (London). Referring to Delane's noteworthy career as editor of the Times, the Review reminds us that in the thirty-six years during which the Times was under Delane's control the stamp of his mind was never so deeply impressed upon the paper as that of Mr. Scott has for half a century been set upon the Guardian.

"He has given it a personality which distinguishes it from all other papers, and a character which even those furthest removed from its general point of view respect. The Guardian is not merely a British. It is an European institution. Some people regard it as the home of lost causes; others, with better justification on the facts,